

THE
SONG
AND
STORY
OF

MRS. DRAPER.

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T H E
S O N G A N D S T O R Y
O F
M R S . D R A P E R .

I WAS once upon a party of pleasure with my Lord Brass, the Earl of Pincafe, Sir Humkin Buß, the Earl of Pickaxe, and some noblemen. We were making the tour of Britain. We arrived pretty near Bath, when a dispute happened amongst us, whether we should go through it, or on one side. The gentlemen's objections were, that we should certainly be pick'd up and detain'd. "Damn it," says one, "I

don't know what you mean by being pick'd up and detain'd. I never saw Bath in my life, and it has been painted to me in such colours, that I would not miss seeing it for the universe. However, we will have no altercation about it; let's put it to the vote." It was so—carried for the question, and through Bath we went. However, the gentlemen were very right in their conjectures; we had not been long there, before we were found out, and haul'd away to what they call'd the Gentlemen's Concert; to hear one of the finest Bassoon players in the world. As soon as we entered that very polite assembly, we were followed by one of the prettiest little women I ever saw; she was most brilliantly dressed, and as soon as she entered, a buzzing went all round the room, There she is! That's her! That's the
the

the great Mrs. Draper. Some jumped on tables, some on the chairs, the little men pulled themselves up by the macaroni knockers of the tall men's wigs, to peep over their shoulders—There she goes—that's the great Mrs. Draper. "Pray, Sir," said I, (to a gentleman that stood near me), "why is that lady called the great Mrs. Draper? she's a pretty little woman, and she's well dressed." "Why, I'll tell ye, Sir," says he, "her husband died about a year ago, and left her a hundred thousand pounds." "Damn it," said I, "I wish some body would die and leave me ten thousand, I should be called the great Mr. Massey." At this juncture, up gets the gentleman to play on the bassoon—silence took place, which was succeeded by universal applause of the whole audience. Mrs. Draper dropped a number of favourable

sentiments, (having took particular notice of his performance)—said she thought him perfectly a pretty fellow, and that he was the best performer in England.” Now, Sirs, having kept one the first houses of music in this kingdom, I had an opportunity of hearing the best performers on that instrument, and almost every other ; but am clear I shall never hear his equal. Two or three of Tom’s intimate acquaintance overhearing this, “ Gad,” said they, “ I believe Tom has made a conquest of the little widow—we’ll advise him to sit by her.” An opportunity presently offered—swaps himself close by her, and began to whisper soft things in her ear. Such an intimacy ensued from this, that it became the public coffee-house chat, that it would be a match ; and when he was joked and rallied about it, he said, “ he
“ believed

believed he should be the happy man." He frequently went under her window to serenade her, and which ever of the servants heard the music, gave the alarm to madam's maid, the maid alarmed the mistress, out of bed they jumped, up goes the sash, and pop comes their nobs out of the window. One day he found her in a good humour, (as he thought)—told her his designs were honourable—marriage his intention—of a licence, a parson, and fixing the happy day. Gad she turned the tables upon him: told him, that "he was an impudent fellow; that she thought him very well as a musician, or an acquaintance; but as to matrimony, she had other-guise views."—"Here's a rigg, says he! I have humbug'd myself finely!—I shall be laughed at by the whole town! pointed at by all the boys!—by Gad, said he, I'll go and

burlesque her." He took two or three hands of music, and goes under her window.—You have heard an old song about Mrs. Draper wiping her *bum* with *brown paper*, but the original sprung from this——And thus determined, we find him under her window.

The SERENADE.

Good morrow, Mrs. Draper, good morrow

Mrs. Draper; past 12 o'clock, and a frosty morning.

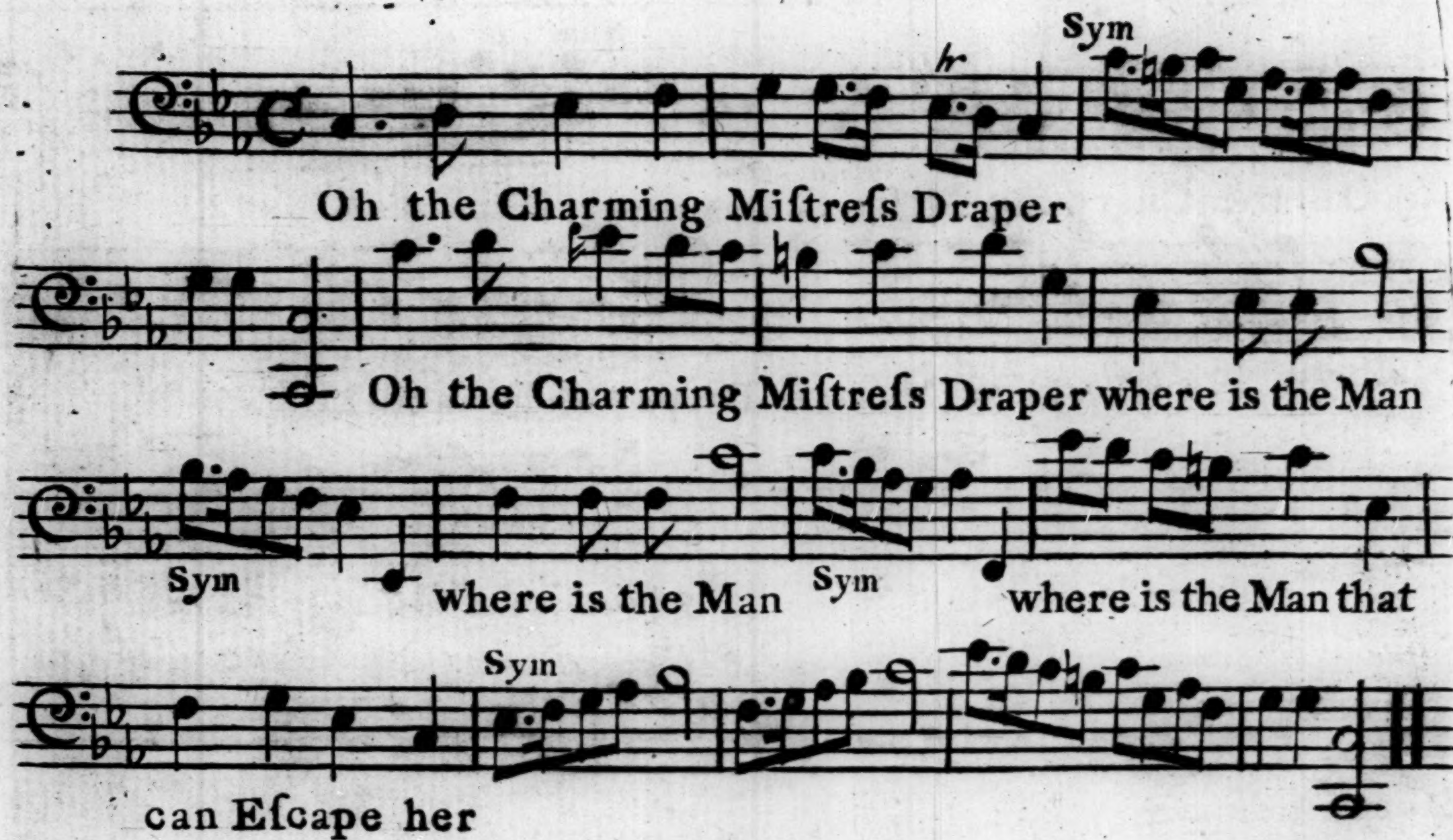
[*Servants speak.*]

John and Thomas.

John. Tom, Tom, why don't you wake? here's the music under the window. 'Tis your turn now, I was up the last time they came.

Tom. Higho, higho, [*yawning*] pox on the fellow for coming on such a frosty morning as this is.

SONG



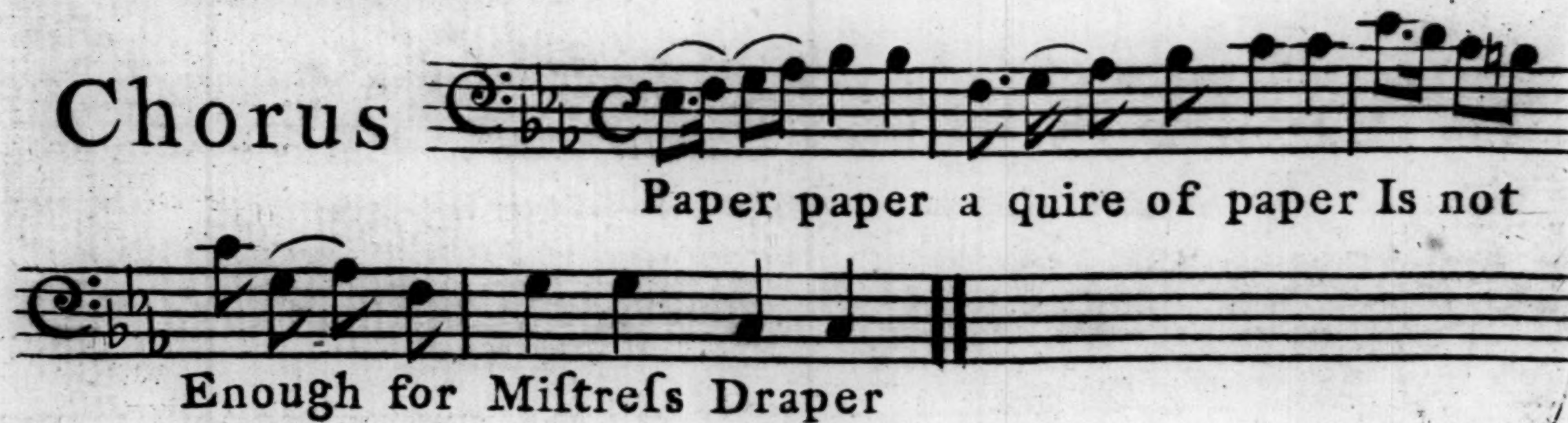
Oh the Charming Mistrefs Draper

Oh the Charming Mistrefs Draper where is the Man

Sym where is the Man Sym where is the Man that

can Escape her

Chorus



Paper paper a quire of paper Is not

Enough for Mistrefs Draper

S O N G.

O the charming Mistress Draper,

Where can be the man?

Ne'er was a man that could escape her.

Tom. Mrs. Betty, Mrs. Betty!—Lord have mercy upon me, how sound a sleep she is—Mrs. Betty!

Betty. What's the matter, sirra?

Tom. Why, madam, here's the music come again. God bless you, Madam, don't go to sleep again, to make me call you a second time, for 'tis a very cold morning.

Lady. What noise is that? what's the matter?

Betty. Madam, the fellows say the music is here.

Lady. Throw up the sash; if I like it, I'll get out of bed.

The

The Second Verse of the Song comes in here.

O the lovely Mistress Draper,

When she dance or sings,

She wins the heart of each spectator.

Lady. Betty, 'tis the prettiest thing
I ever heard ; throw up the other win-
dow, and get my cardinal to throw over
my shoulders.

Betty. Madam, I have it in my
hand.

The Third Verse.

O the cleanly Mistress Draper.

Lady. What's that, Betty ?

Betty. O Ma'am, some pretty simile
or other. But pray, Madam, don't
speak so loud ; you put them out ; they
stop.

The

The Third Verse begins again.

O the cleanly Mistress Draper,

When she goes to stool,

She wipes her bum with stiff brown paper.

Lady. Betty, Betty! Did you hear
the rogues?

Betty. Yes, Madam, I did, and I
beg pardon; for had I known the raf-
cals meant to be so impudent and scur-
rilous, I would not have disturbed you
for all the world.

Lady. Get me the close-stool: I'll
bum them and spatter them too. Make
haste, girl.

Here the Fourth Verse comes in.

O was I a linen draper—

Lady. What then?

Betty. Lord, Madam, have patience;
here's the close-stool—'tis pure full—
Molly has not emptied it.

The Song goes on again.

*O was I a linen-draper,
I would give her rags,
She'd have rags instead of brown paper.*

Chorus.

*Paper, paper, a quire of paper,
Is not enough for Mistress Draper.*

At the End of the Song.

*So, out came the close-stool upon
their heads, and away they run like a
parcel of fons of whores.*



INSTRUCTIONS how to make
the **MOCK BASSOON**,
and how to play upon it.

TAKE a message or common playing card, bend it the long way into three equal parts, press them down pretty close; then put the card, thus bent, just within your lips; hum, or sing through it, just as you have heard with a comb wrapped in paper; it will vibrate, and produce a sound, or tone, like the bassoon; and some people prefer it much before that instrument ill play'd. It sometimes happens, that the card may be pressed too close; in this case,

case, lift up the folds and put them together again, pressing them not so hard as at first : if this fails, and you cannot make the card speak, put the end of your left thumb into one end of the card, and with your right thumb and fore-finger pinch it round, so as to make it form a lip. This seldom fails,

T H E E N D,



